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# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 12      JUNE 15, 1898.      Vol. XXXIII.

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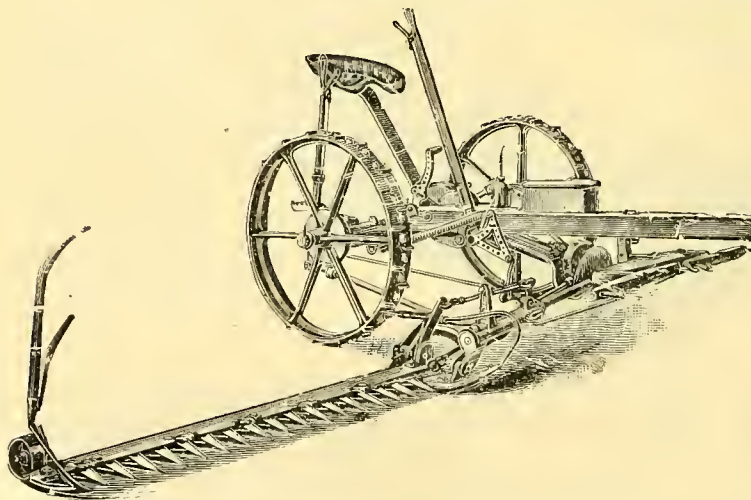
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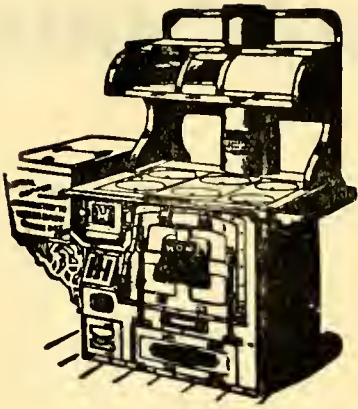
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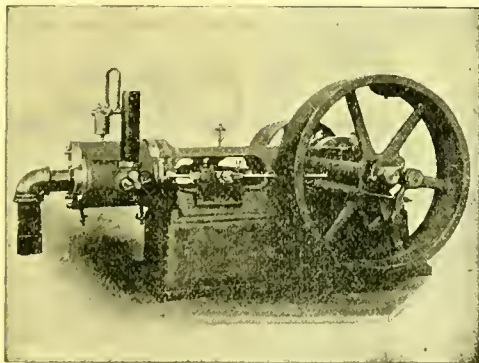
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1898.

No. 12.

## IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

XII.

FROM what has been said regarding the colonization of Siberia, the population of the country is seen to be increasing at a rapid rate, immigration thither being partly voluntary, but mainly enforced under decrees of banishment

from the mother country. It would be natural to suppose, with so large and constant an in-flow of alleged criminals, but a small proportion of whom are kept in actual confinement, that the population is by this time mostly made up of felons, that a spirit of lawlessness lurking if not openly manifested, prevails there, and that

Siberian society must be wholly undesirable.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that while the exiles have been technically convicted under the law, and by judicial sentence have been branded as criminals, many of them, far from being vicious at heart, are perhaps guilty of

no offence other than that of attempting to establish their own rights and to increase the liberties of their fellows. The majority of the political exiles are from the classes of the educated and refined, and these carry with them into banishment their better tastes and tendencies. One meets many estimable

people there, and, to his surprise if he has shared the popular idea which ascribes to Siberia only the vices of civilization, he finds institutions and a state of society highly praiseworthy. At Ekatherinenbourg we found extensive museums of choice specimens, well classified and displayed, large libraries, and numerous facilities for



NATIVE-BORN SIBERIANS; REPRESENTATIVES OF INDIGENOUS TRIBES WITH SOME IMMIGRANT RUSSIANS.

study and investigation. While there we were the guests of the Uralian Society of Natural Science Amateurs, a capable and influential organization, under the patronage of a Grand Duke. In this place, as in many other Siberian towns, the visitor looks with admiration upon large and imposing buildings, constructed with



proper regard for architectural effect, and finds much other evidence of substantial development. But these good buildings are for the wealthy only: these educational facilities are for the favored few; on every side the line of contrast between the well-to-do and the poor appears with black distinctness. The wretched moujiks live for the most part in miserable isbahs, with nothing suggestive of convenience or comfort; and not even among the homes of the rich, do we find many of the better of modern conveniences. Not even in the towns do we discover that any serious attempt has been made to maintain sanitary or even passably clean conditions. The streets are usually in a terribly neglected state; during the snowless months they are either covered by several inches of mud, or lie under dust at the same depth.

There are some educational institutions, mostly for secondary instruction; but, as has been said of Russia in general, there is an absence of all common facilities for popular education. Siberia is utterly neglected by the government in the matter of schools. The children of the richer classes receive some private instruction, and are then sent to one of the few schools there existing. There is an institution at Tomsk which bears the name of a university, but little or no systematic work is reported therefrom, and for the greater part of the year it is inoperative. This dearth of educational facilities in the penal land is not wholly or primarily due to lack of available funds, but rather to open and determined opposition on the part of the ruling classes, resulting from the fear that with the spread of education among the convict masses they will be less amenable to autocratic control. Here, as in the west, the Russian policy is afraid of

knowledge, and trembles before the prospective spread of intellectual ability; and this charge may properly be laid upon both political and ecclesiastical powers. In 1817 Demidof bequeathed nearly \$50,000 for the founding of a college or university in Siberia; and to this sum was added \$194,000 by popular subscription; yet for more than a quarter of a century the money lay idle because of a government injunction upon the enterprise. Finally buildings were erected at Tomsk, and an early beginning of the work of instruction was anticipated, when in 1885 the government arbitrarily decided to indefinitely postpone the opening.

At Ekatherinenbourg is a large imperial establishment for stone cutting. To this place are brought practically all of the valuable ornamental stones and gems for which western Siberia and the Ural region are noted; and here they are cut and polished. Here we see under treatment, or finished ready for sale, magnificent rock crystals, weighing perhaps several pounds apiece, wrought into vases, and other articles of luxury; richly colored tourmalines, nephrites, and jaspers, onyxes,\* rubies, sards, garnets, emeralds, sapphires, and of the stones used in mass, alabaster, malachite, and the typical porphyry, etc.

Most of the gems here prepared are sent west to the great cities of Russia, particularly to Nijni Novgorod, there to be sold during the annual fair for which the town is famous; yet a few wholesale purchasers make their way to Ekatherinenbourg to buy their treasures at the principal source. There I had the

\*The true onyx or banded chalcedony is here referred to, not the soft though beautiful aragonite which is known among us as onyx, though more properly called "Utah onyx" or "Mexican onyx."

pleasure of meeting a representative of one of the large London dealers in precious stones, from whom I learned that he was in the habit of visiting Siberia for purposes of trade at least once a year.

Many of our party had gone to Siberia with the thought so commonly current that they would find there everything entirely foreign; and most of us had to correct a multitude of erroneous pre-conceptions. Some confessed to their disappointment indeed at finding themselves still within the limits of a civilization which had reached the condition of elegant refinement, when they had hoped for adventurous experience in a land yet rejoicing in native wildness. Doubtless had we been able to go farther, could we have penetrated to the heart of that vast domain, these expectations would have been realized, but on the western frontier we felt as thoroughly at home, as when we were in European Russia.

A surprise befel us at Kychtym. On the night of our arrival a small party of us made our way from the station into the town,—a distance of three or four versts; for there, as elsewhere in Russia, the railway is kept as far from the town as would seem to be conveniently possible. We came to a large circular building, with a conical roof, from the apex of which a flag was flying, and about the entrance to which a large crowd of people had gathered. We soon ascertained that this was the amusement hall, and that a performance was just about to begin. Here was a chance of seeing something of Siberian customs in the matter of public entertainment; at least, so we supposed. Tickets were purchased, and soon we were seated on the lower tier of the amphitheatre. There was nothing in the

general appearance of the company at all strange or characteristically foreign; indeed, we seemed to be the only outlandish elements of the gathering, and throughout the evening we shared with the actors in the attention, if not in the admiration of the audience. Even the music was familiar to us, for most of the tunes were the common airs of our own and the English theatres. Our greatest disappointment came when the players appeared; for then all our hopes of witnessing a Siberian or even a Russian performance were rudely spoiled. I recognised the identical troupe whose acrobatic feats I had admired in Berlin three years before; and a companion declared that he had seen the same company in his own English town.

We had the privilege of visiting the home of a country gentleman near Kychtym. There we found beautiful pleasure gardens, with flower-beds and fountains, and a fine green-house filled with exotic plants. Amid such surroundings it was difficult to convince ourselves that we were in a land proverbial for its snow and desolation; yet we could read on every side the abundant signs of long and severe winters, and we were constantly reminded of the fact that we were enjoying the short, pleasant, but non-characteristic season of the Siberian year.

Wishing to see more of the physical features of the country than the time limits of our journey would allow for further progress eastward, we made our way to the top of Mount Sougomak, from which we could look over many miles of Siberian territory; and through the explanations of competent guides learn of the general structure and condition of the country. We soon ascertained that at Sougomak we were within the limits of an intermediate zone,

which as already stated is fairly well adapted to agricultural treatment. To the south of this lie the great elevated plains, poorly suited to cultivation and of little practical utility except for pastoral pursuits; this part is known as the steppe region proper, though the agricultural area is sometimes included as of the steppes also. North of the region first named we come to the vast wooded district, with its great swamps and still more extensive forests; and yet beyond lie the moorlands, which but for the severity of the climate would be a continuous fen, practically impassable, but which are frozen during the greater part of the year; these are the tundras peculiar to northern Russia. Of the tundra region much has been written. It extends to the shores of the Arctic, and although the altitude increases with its stretch toward the south, the tundra hardly ever attains a hundred feet above tide level. Over these frozen plains range vast herds of reindeer, wild and domesticated; there are also foxes, wolves, and white bears, and the small but valuable sable; all of which are hunted, mostly for their skins. Many of the Russian exiles are employed in hunting the sable, and this occupation is difficult and dangerous in the extreme, owing to the severity of the season during which the fur is at its best. The summer on the tundras is short, and the frozen moors are thawed to a depth of but a few inches even under the conditions of greatest warmth.

Reclus, following Wrangell, writes as follows of the spring and summer on the tundras:—

"In the north of Russia and Siberia, the long plains which extend in an imperceptible slope toward the Arctic Ocean are not less solitary than the Caspian steppes, and have an equally

formidable aspect. During a great part of the year the circular space bounded by the horizon presents nothing but an immense winding sheet of snow rippled by the wind. When this bed of snow melts under the summer sun, the lowest districts in the plain, or *tundra*, appear dotted over here and there with plots of *sphagnum* and various other green plants, which grow and swell almost like sponges by means of the half-hidden pools of water. Nearly the whole extent of the soil is covered with reindeer-moss and other whitish lichens, and one might readily fancy that the interminable carpet of winter snow was still spread before one's eyes. In these regions, however, the earth is always frozen to a great depth, in spite of the rudimentary vegetables which grow on its surface and the lagoons of water which sparkle during several months in the marshy depressions of the soil."

The wooded region is also famed for its fur; many wild animals tenant the forests, and at times invade the farming and pastoral districts to the south. The southern steppes present a typically desolate and forbidding aspect; the plains are treeless,\* and over wide

\*Of the desolate aspect presented by the Kirghiz steppes, Reclus says, on the authority of Zaleski's *La Vie des Steppes Kirghizes*:—"In these solitudes trees are almost completely unknown; and the few that are found there are looked upon with a kind of adoration, as if they were the miraculous gifts of some divinity. Between the Sea of Aral, and the confluence of the Tchoni and the Yatchi, that is to say a distance of three hundred and ten miles in a straight line only one tree is to be found, and this is a species of poplar, with drooping boughs, the roots of which creep far into the arid soil. The Kirghizes have such a veneration for this solitary tree that they often go several miles out of the way in order to pay it a visit, and each time they hang an article of their clothing upon its branches. From this custom the name Sinderichagatch or rag-tree has been given to the desert poplar."



areas the soil is sterile; there are numerous saline lakes, and in sections the ground is covered with an incrustation of impure salt.

Throughout Siberia the winter temperature is low, and the cold season is long. Necessity has developed among the people a mode of life which best enables them to withstand the rigors of climate. Furs are in great demand for dress; the grey fox, the fine-haired sable and down-covered birds supplying the needs of the wealthy, while the humble sheep yields its skin to protect the poor moujik from the frost. The houses are constructed for warmth. In the isbah of the peasant as also in the mansion of the rich mine-owner or wealthy merchant, the great stove is an object of much attention. The common stove as used among the poor is rarely made of metal; usually it is a long structure of brickwork, occupying an entire side of the room; and generally so placed as to present an end or a side to each of several rooms, which are so built as to abut against the stove walls. The chimney is capacious, and is carried through the upper stories should the house possess such, so as to form part of the walls between the upstairs rooms. In the peasants' dwelling the stove is provided with a flat table-like top on which the beds of the family are made. But the national peculiarity in stove usage lies in the method of firing. Wood only is employed as fuel; and with this the stove is charged but once or twice a day; at these times a good supply is put in, the draught pipes are opened and a roaring fire is maintained for a very short period. The massive masonry becomes well heated, for the chimney is so divided by internal partitions that the flame and heated gases ascend and descend several times before

they escape above the roof, and so the products of combustion yield the greater part of their heat within the house. When the flame has spent itself, and only a mass of glowing embers can be seen on the floor of the fire-box, all the draught passages are closed, and the stove is left to itself. No external part is highly heated, but the whole structure is well warmed; and this warmth is retained through most of the succeeding day. Assuredly the Russians have successfully solved the problem of economy in fuel; and at the same time they have developed an efficient practice of house warming. The most serious defect in their method is the poor ventilation, and the vitiation of the atmosphere through some escape of combustion gases from the stove; yet, judging from the effects, this is less injurious than would be supposed. The stove is closed up when in its most highly heated condition; and as the huge furnace cools, the tendency is rather toward an inflow than an escape of gases from the stove. Double doors, and double or even triple windows are constructed in the better kind of houses; and in every way precaution is taken to prevent the ingress of cold, with but little attention to the matter of admitting pure air.

Among the inhabitants of Siberia the traveler will be most interested in the indigenous or native tribes, of which there are many. In the extreme north particularly toward the east, are the Eskimos; their range extends to Bering Strait, and they are regarded by the ethnologist as perhaps the best of the few aboriginal race types native to both eastern and western hemispheres. In the north-west live the Samoyedes, a nomadic tribe who subsist by fishing and reindeer raising. The most numerous of the native hordes are the Buriats,

whose Mongolian ancestry is at once apparent. Then there are the Tunguzes (Tungusi, or Toongooses), a widely scattered tribe, noted for their skill in horsemanship, and as workers of metal; they are intermixed with the Yakutes, who are of Tartar origin, known for their immense herds of cattle, which share with their owners the freedom of the steppes. Among the Altai mountains of the south the Kalmucks are most numerous; they have developed a fair degree of ability in working metals, and are said to manufacture their own gunpowder. They are of the Mongolian race, and figure in history because of their extensive conquests during the seventeenth century, at which time they pushed their way to the steppes of the Volga in European Russia.

Our illustration shows a number of the types mentioned, together with true Russian and Tartar faces.

*J. E. Talmage.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION CONFERENCE.

MINUTES of Annual Sunday School Conference held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday evening, April 10, 1898, at 7 p.m.

The General Superintendency, Members and Aids of the Union Board, President Joseph F. Smith, several Apostles, and a large number of Stake and Ward officers and Sunday School workers were present.

The choir, under the direction of Prof. Evan Stephens, sang, "Great God attend while Zion sings."

Prayer was offered by Elder Andrew Kimball.

The choir sang, "Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray."

Elder Seymour B. Young called the roll, which was responded to by twenty-nine out of thirty-seven Stakes. He also presented the General Sunday School Authorities, who were unanimously sustained as follows:

George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant general superintendent; George Reynolds, general treasurer.

As members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board: George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Joseph M. Tanner, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon, and Andrew Kimball.

As Aids of the Board: L. John Nuttall, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, W. B. Dougall, W. D. Owen, Seymour B. Young, and C. D. Fjeldsted.

First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard requested all Sunday School teachers and Sunday School children present to rise to their feet. In response to this request almost the entire vast congregation arose.

First Assistant Superintendent George Goddard then said: It is very pleasing to see so many that are interested in the youth of Zion. You may have noticed that when Brother Seymour B. Young called the names of the thirty-seven Stakes of Zion, representatives of all responded with the exception of eight.

During the last year annual Sunday School conferences have been held in every one of those Stakes, and at each of these conferences one or more of the members of the General Board have had the privilege of being present.

It is very gratifying, and I, for one, felt extremely grateful to our Heavenly Father while listening to the statistics that were read the other day. During the last year we have had an increase of 165 Sunday Schools, and of between five and six thousand Sunday School children. These are very encouraging facts.

In these annual conferences there is one subject that we seldom forget to speak about, it is to train our children in concert singing in the Sunday Schools; to teach them to sing and take part in the praises of our Heavenly Father. And, in connection with that subject, I have been led to recommend that the fathers and the mothers bring their hymn books with them when they come to our religious assemblies. Who is expected to take part in the singing? All the Latter-day Saints have the privilege of joining in the song. It is good to have choirs to keep up the tone of the song and to lead; but to enjoy the singing, if you cannot sing without making discord, you must follow and take note of what is being sung and enjoy the principle or the doctrine that is contained in that song. In our prayers one person speaks, all the rest close their eyes and open their ears, and when the prayer is ended for a response they say amen.

Our Sunday School institution is a very elaborate one. The grand object and chief aim of our Sunday School efforts are to train up our children to become Latter-day Saints; that when they grow up they may show by their daily example that they have been taught the principles of the Gospel, and that they have been trained to true religious habits.

There are two grand principles that have been especially spoken upon dur-

ing this conference. Since 1852 it has been my privilege to attend eighty-five conferences in this city, and I feel that the one that has just terminated has been better than any conference hitherto held. And I am going to prophesy about this conference. There will be more tithe payers, resulting from the instructions given at this conference, than there has ever been from any previous conference. More will go away from this conference and observe the Word of Wisdom than have ever left any previous conference. The Saints are improving. The object of our conferences is to make better Saints than we have been, and to remind us of the duties that we must henceforth more rigidly observe.

Many subjects have yet to be treated upon in relation to our Sunday Schools. But I feel grateful to acknowledge the hand of my Heavenly Father that has been over us in this direction. God bless the superintendents, the teachers and the children connected with our schools.

We are waiting, anxiously waiting, for the superintendent of some Stake of Zion to send word to headquarters that not only the superintendents but all the teachers and children, that are old enough to learn anything, are strict observers of the law of tithing and of the Word of Wisdom. Superintendents, will you kindly labor to this end, that we may show forth the fruits of our labors, scattered through the Stakes of Zion. And that this may be the case, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Elder Lars E. Eggertsen, Superintendent of Utah Stake, said: My brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure this evening of representing the Stake Superintendencies of Zion. My remarks will



be specially addressed to First Assistant Superintendent George Goddard.

Brother George Goddard, this occasion, with permission, has been selected by the Stake Superintendencies of the Sunday Schools of Zion as a fitting occasion to express to you our esteem for the untiring efforts with which you have labored in the Sunday School cause, for holding up before us, both in precept and example, that ensign of the millennium—the Word of Wisdom; for showing to us what a complete and consecrated devotion to a noble cause means. Accept, therefore, our appreciation of your wise counsel; our love by reason of your solicitude in our behalf; our determination to be true to the principles that have caused you to be so devotedly interested in bringing God's children near to Him. We say with the poet:

"Master, go on, and I will follow Thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

We thank God for one whose life has exemplified Christ's teaching, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Accept the veneration which we would offer to one who has had an unfaltering faith in God's laws; the reverence we feel for one whose life has been unselfish.

"He who strives the world to lift and save  
By deeds of sweet self-sacrifice  
And noble Christian love,  
Will find e'en though he seek an early grave,  
His image pure as morning skies  
Reflected there above."

Among the number who do you honor, some are crowned with hairs of silver and are named among the first in the great Sunday School cause of the Latter-day Saints. There are those, who, for many years, have borne the heat of much anxiety. And there are those who

first knew you, when as little children, they heard your voice in melody sing, "Who's on the Lord's side, who?"

Tonight, Brother Goddard, we unitedly ask you to accept a token, and to permit us by the hand of one of Zion's fair daughters, to place upon your breast this medal, inscribed as follows: "To George Goddard, April 10th, 1898. Who's on the Lord's side, who? From Zion's Sunday School Stake Superintendencies, representing 37 Stakes, 630 schools, 10,429 officers and teachers, and 88,497 pupils." And at the same time we assure you by this token that we shall ever strive to follow your precepts and emulate your worthy example. We also ask you to accept this purse, the contents of which you are to use in the manner that will give you the most joy.

Sister Alice McLachlan then pinned the gold clasp and medal on Brother Goddard's bosom, and the purse containing \$100 was handed him.

The Tabernacle choir and congregation sang "Who's on the Lord's side, who?"

To Elder George Goddard, First Assistant General Superintendent Latter-day Saints' Sunday Schools, Salt Lake City, Utah:

Dear Brother:—In connection with the medal and purse presented to you by the various Stake Superintendencies of the Sunday Schools of Zion, it may not be improper to give you a brief outline of the movement from its inception, and it is with that object in view that this sketch is written.

Let us say by way of introduction that this movement has been in mind for two years, but the method of procedure was not definitely settled until the beginning of the present year. Since the idea first presented itself, several of the

Stake Sunday School Superintendents were consulted, and each one expressed himself in favorable terms, and pledged co-operation in whatever might be undertaken.

At a meeting of the Utah Stake Superintendency, in January, 1898, a formal motion was carried, that a letter be written to each Superintendent, explaining the matter, and asking for one dollar, and for suggestions as to what would be suitable for a present, and best express to you the feelings of the Sunday School workers.

To this letter came a hearty response from nearly all of the Stakes, some giving one suggestion, some another; a number felt that the amount proposed was entirely inadequate. Those who did not make any suggestion left the matter with the Utah Stake officers to select whatever they thought proper. Among the letters most ardently advocating that more should be done than was at first intended, was that of the Superintendency of the Salt Lake Stake, these brethren being really the fathers of the idea which has now taken bodily shape—that the present to you be a medal and a purse. It was acted upon, a report was made to the various Stake officers, and again encouragement in the labor of love was given. Almost every letter has had words something like the following:

"I heartily concur in the idea of making a present to Superintendent George Goddard, who has labored so long and so faithfully in behalf of the Sunday Schools of Zion, and think that too much cannot be done for him. Enclosed you will find a postoffice order, and if you need more, let us know."

Not only did the Stake officers respond to the suggestion, but private parties who heard of the affair inci-

dentally, desired and asked for the privilege of contributing for the purpose of showing the esteem in which you are held by all of the Latter-day Saints.

Arrangements were made with your co-laborers in the General Superintendency, Brothers George Q. Cannon and Karl G. Maeser, to have the presentation made at the regular Deseret Sunday School Conference, on the evening of April 10, 1898, and a short program was arranged with their consent and approval.

The letters relating to the affair have been carefully filed and will be preserved for future reference; they form a portion of the history of what was up to the present time, perhaps, the largest surprise party in the history of the world.

And now, dear brother in behalf of all the Sunday Schools of Zion, permit us to congratulate you upon the work you have done, a general summary of which you have compiled as follows:

"Fourteen months' mission to Canada, by hand-cart to Missouri river, in 1857 and 1858.

"Three years gathering rags for paper, 1861-62-63, as a mission.

"Nine years superintendent Thirteenth Ward Sunday Schools, 1867 to 1876.

"Nine years Superintendent Salt Lake Stake Sunday School, from 1873 to 1882.

"Twenty-seven years clerk to Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter, from 1856 to 1883.

Twenty-five years First Assistant General Superintendent of Deseret Sunday School Union, from 1872.

"Ten years clerk of general conference, from 1874 to 1884.

"Four years clerk of the School of the Prophets.

"Three years clerk and treasurer to the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, from 1877 to 1880.

"Twenty years Teacher in Thirteenth Ward.

"Twenty years member of Tabernacle choir.

"Twenty-five years member Thirteenth Ward choir.

"Twenty-two years member of the Old Folks' Committee from 1875.

"Paid in tithing, temple and fast offerings over \$12,000, or an average of \$270 a year for over forty-four years.

"During the past forty-four years, I have missed very few ward meetings, Tabernacle, quorum, and fast meetings.

"I have had the pleasure of being present at over eighty of our general conferences in Salt Lake City, and attending nearly every meeting at each conference

"I am now between 81 and 82 years old, and during the past three years have traveled between twenty and thirty thousand miles in the interest and for the benefit of the youth of Zion who are connected with our Sunday Schools.

"I use neither tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, beer, or liquor, and I am blest of the Lord with good health, which causes my heart to rejoice exceedingly."

We ask God to spare your life until you are entirely satisfied. We know that so long as any one of the thousands of children shall be alive, who have heard your voice in songs of prayer and praise, and in exhortation, you will not be forgotten; and after all the present generation shall pass away, your labors will be read of by the Saints, and encouragement will be occasioned in the hearts of the faithful, who cannot but know of some of the difficulties which you have overcome by your persistent and untiring efforts to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God on the earth.

Your brethren in the Sunday School

cause, and in behalf of the Stake Superintendencies.

Father, revered and friend beloved,  
And brother, true through many years;  
Reap here tonight, a little sheaf  
From seeds thou'st sown in smiles and tears.  
Reap from our o'er-laden hearts  
A mite of what thou'st scattered there—  
In "Seeds of Kindness;" let thy song  
Prove its own worth: its truth declare.  
Our good absorbs the very life;  
Thine every thought our constant weal:  
What pleasure, in return, for us,  
To feebly show the love we feel.  
No, not in vain thine earnest word—  
Thy noble voice in song and prayer:  
The youth throughout the land have heard  
And pondered o'er their sense most rare.  
And many a valiant hero brave  
Stands "On the Lord's Side" firm today;  
Who but for thee might still have been  
But loitering, heedless, on the way.  
Give us the joy with thee to feel  
That love to love may here express  
Its very self in gratitude;  
For loving deeds and power to bless.  
How blest thou art in ripened age;  
How blest to work while life shall last;  
In deeds of good still be thou blest  
Forever more, as in the past.

To Brother George Goddard, from Evan Stephens.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon said: To me this is an unusually interesting occasion; and I am sure every heart present rejoices exceedingly in this opportunity of expressing the feelings that we all have towards Elder George Goddard. There has nothing been said here that he has not deserved. There is no eulogy that has been pronounced that is unmerited. Brother George Goddard has been especially endowed in this direction. His labors have been indefatigable. And none who have known his course can feel otherwise than that this testimonial is well deserved. I thought while Brother Egger-son was describing the feelings which prompted and speaking of the



testimonial, that there is another occasion—I hope that it is some distance off, that is if it involves the life of our beloved brother—an occasion when he will be crowned in the presence of God and the Lamb. That time will come and we shall witness it; because George Goddard, as I fully believe, will be faithful to the end, and will earn a crown of glory in the presence of God and the Lamb. That he may be blessed during the remainder of his life, that he may have physical vigor—you all know that his voice has been preserved; I trust it will be while he shall live—physical vigor to go, as he delights in going, to visit the various conferences of the Church in the various Stakes of Zion, until the Lord shall be fully satisfied with his labors, and he himself feel that he has completed the work assigned to him below, which is my prayer in his behalf, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

##### King Limhi, Ammon and Alma.

A SHORT time after the return of Limhi's men from the north, four strangers were found just outside the walls of the city of Lehi-Nephi. It so happened that the king, with his guards, was taking a walk near the gates of the city. While so doing they came across these strangers. From the light color of their skins it was plain they were not Lamanites. The king and his guards at once came to the conclusion that they were a few of the priests of Noah, for whom they had been so long looking; so, without giving them a chance to explain who they were, they took them, bound them, and cast them into prison. King Limhi and his people, through their long sufferings, had evidently grown

timid; they were afraid that everybody they saw was about to bring some fresh evil upon them.

After two days the prisoners were permitted to tell who they were. They were not priests of Noah, but some Nephites from the land of Zarahemla who had come to inquire after the welfare of their brethren in Lehi-Nephi. They were the very men that Limhi and his people wanted to see. The four who had come to the walls of the city were named Ammon, Amaleki, Helem and Hem. But these were not all. The rest of the company, which numbered sixteen, had been left behind a short distance from the city while these came to learn what they could.

When Limhi heard what Ammon said his heart grew very glad. He ordered that he and his three companions should be loosed from the bands that bound them. Next he sent word to all his subjects to gather on the morrow to hear what Ammon had to tell them of their friends in Zarahemla. He also hoped that a way would now be found by which they might escape their Lamanite taskmasters and return with Ammon to Zarahemla.

To get away was all the people now thought of. Limhi held councils with Ammon, with Gideon and with others and a plan was soon formed. The time came when they should pay their tribute of wine to the Lamanites. When they did so they sent some more wine as a present. Of this the Lamanite guards drank freely; the consequence was that they were soon fast asleep. While they were thus asleep the people of Limhi, who had gathered up their flocks, herds and goods ready to leave, made their escape by a secret pass, and as hurriedly as possible pushed into the wilderness. As soon as the Lamanites awoke from

their drunken stupor and found their slaves had escaped, they followed them; but after pursuing them two days, they lost their tracks in the wilderness, and gave up the pursuit. Limhi, Ammon, and all his people wandered many days,

For a time they were very happy, but at last they were discovered by the Lamanites. It appears that the soldiers who went out in pursuit of the people of King Limhi got lost in the wilderness. While roaming around trying to find



AMMON TAKEN PRISONER.

but at last reached their friends and became one people with the people of King Mosiah in Zarahemla.

We must now return to the people of Alma who settled in the land of Helam.

their way back they ran across the priests of Noah in a place which they called Amulon. The priests begged the Lamanites not to destroy them, and had their Lamanite wives join them in this

appeal. The result was that the Lamanites took pity on these priests and their families because their wives were of their kindred. So Amulon and his brethren joined the Lamanites, and as they were traveling in the wilderness they came to the land of Helam where Alma and his people dwelt.

The arrival of these unwelcome guests caused the people of Alma much alarm. Those in the fields fled into the city.

They were all got together, with Alma in their midst. He strove to calm their fears, promising that the Lord would deliver them. Then the people began to cry unto the Lord, that He would soften the hearts of the Lamanites that they would spare them. The Lord heard their prayers and softened the hearts of the Lamanites. Alma and his brethren then went and delivered themselves up, and the Lamanites took possession of the land of Helam.

The Lamanites did not know their way home. So they promised Alma and his brethren that if they would show them the way which led to the land of Nephi they would grant them their lives and their liberty. Alma did so, but the Lamanites broke their promise. They set guards round about the land of Helam, and afterwards the king of the Lamanites made Amulon king over that region. Though Amulon was made king in these parts he had not full power; he could not do anything contrary to the will of the king of the Lamanites. The name of this chief ruler was Laman.

Amulon knew Alma when they were both priests of Noah, and Amulon hated Alma, as the wicked often hate the good, when they fail to obtain their desires. So Amulon and his guards abused the people of Alma, and they taught their children to do the same. They also put

heavy tasks upon them and treated them much the same as the Lamanites had done the people of Limhi. Then the people of Alma cried mightily to God that He would deliver them. Amulon did not like this, his heart was too wicked. He threatened that if any of the people were heard to pray they should be put to death. Then Alma and those with him ceased to raise their voices to God, but they poured out their hearts to Him and He knew the thoughts of their hearts. In a little while the Lord promised them that they should be free from their cruel taskmasters, and they made ready to escape.

On a certain morning the Lord caused a deep sleep to come upon the Lamanites. This was the opportunity of Alma's people. They at once departed into the wilderness. The Lord led them direct to Zarahemla. When the Lamanites awoke they followed but they did not overtake them. In less than two weeks they reached the land of Zarahemla, where King Mosiah received them with joy.

#### POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THIS STORY.

That a small company of Nephites came from Zarahemla to Lehi-Nephi and that by their help the people of Limhi escaped from the Lamanites. That the leader of this party was named Ammon. That the Lamanites who went in pursuit of Limhi's people lost their way, but found the priests of Noah and afterwards the people of Alma.

That the Lamanites placed the people of Alma in bondage, and King Laman made Amulon a ruler over them. That Amulon and his men treated the people of Alma very cruelly, but God delivered them and guided them safely to Zarahemla, where King Mosiah received them with joy.



# Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 15, 1898.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

ONE of our correspondents asks the question:

"Should children of the Latter-day Saints be taught not to partake of the sacrament from the day they are eight years of age until there is an opportunity in their wards for them to receive public baptism?"

Children of the Latter-day Saints should be taught that when they are eight years of age they should be baptized and become members of the Church, and then they are entitled to all the privileges of membership, including the sacrament. Where children expect to be baptized at the first opportunity, it would scarcely be proper to forbid them partaking of the sacrament if they should be a little over eight years of age. But if their parents should allow them to go for any length of time after they are eight years of age without being baptized, the children themselves should be impressed with the importance of the ordinance, so that they might induce their parents to consent for them to be baptized.

The same correspondent asks where special instructions can be found in the Church works in regard to ward fast meetings and testimony meetings.

We have nothing special written on these points that we recall at the present time. But it has always been a custom in the Church of Jesus Christ to meet together for fasting and prayer, and, no doubt, bearing testimony also.

Malachi, in his 3rd chapter, 16th verse, says:

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name."

It is recorded that the baptized believers on the day of Pentecost "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."

The 14th chapter of Acts contains an account of the labors of Paul and Barnabas among some of the branches of the Church, and the 23rd verse reads as follows: "And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed."

Moroni, in his 6th chapter and 5th paragraph says:

"And the Church did meet together oft, to fast and to pray, and to speak one with another concerning the welfare of their souls."

It is evident from these records and from Moroni's that the same practice prevailed in the Church of Christ in those days that now prevails among the Latter-day Saints. The members of the Church met together in their local meetings as we do now in our wards, and they met fasting and for the purpose of praying and bearing testimony one to another concerning their faith.

And wherever there is a Church of Christ organized, this has been, and is, and will be the practice among them.

A correspondent writes to us from Idaho and asks questions concerning the propriety of reading standard novels in meetings of young people which are

held. He does not make it clear as to the character of these meetings; but it has become very fashionable of late to form clubs composed of young ladies, where readings are given by one and another. In this case he mentions "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as one that is being read, and the justification for reading such works is that they convey good moral lessons. He has serious doubts as to the good effect of the reading of such works, and is inclined to not permit his children to take part in meetings where this practice is in vogue. This is a subject upon which there is some variety of opinion. There are good people who contend that works of the imagination, like novels may be read without injury. We have heard the claim made that they improve the language of those who read them, and make their literary style better, and give them a greater range of expression, and in this way have a good effect upon the readers.

There is no doubt some force in this view of the question; and if there were no other books in which good language is used and good styles of expression found, the argument would have force. But the facts are that there is scarcely any end to good, truthful works, written in excellent English and in fine literary style, that can be obtained for general reading without depending upon novels for these purposes. Such books furnish information which is of profit to the reader. But books of fiction feed the imagination, and fill the mind with unreal events and circumstances that originate entirely in the brains of the writers. Imaginary scenes are described, imaginary characters are depicted, and the effect upon the mind and the memory of the reader is injurious.

The reading of novels has a tendency to weaken the memory, for the reason

that there is no necessity to remember the contents of a novel, because it is all fictitious. These works, being written in fascinating style in order to make them interesting to the reader, have the effect to make serious works tasteless and without interest. The latter do not contain enough to excite the imagination and therefore they appear dull to the novel reader. As an evidence of this, let anyone who is a habitual novel reader be consulted as to the other works which he reads, and it will be found, in nearly every instance, that he or she does not read history, or scientific works, or the Bible or the Book of Mormon, or any of the sacred works which the Lord has given us. If no other bad effect followed the perusal of novels, this of itself should be sufficient to prevent the habit of novel reading being formed.

While on this subject we may be permitted to allude once more to the class of reading matter which should be in our Sunday Schools. We have stated that preference should be given to the Word of the Lord in Sunday Schools, and some have imagined from this that we intended to prohibit the use of every other work. Some have supposed that we wished to convey the idea that even the Leaflets should not be used, or other reading matter, such as the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and works that may be used in theological classes. While what we had to say on this subject was with the intention of impressing upon all connected with Sunday Schools the great importance of using the Word of the Lord, it was not expected that nothing else could be used, and we certainly did not wish to discourage the use of the Leaflets, for they illustrate the Word of the Lord.

## FROM OUT THE STRAITS.

HELGA arranged the dishes in the kitchen-rack and swept clean the stones of the fireplace. She washed the floor and strewed it with fresh juniper twigs. She blacked the tall, square stove in the corner till it shone in the clear sunlight coming through the north window. She spread her whitest sheet over the bed. If the father should come home, it wouldn't do to have the house untidy.

Helga put on her best dress and tied a few things into a bundle, not forgetting the small, brass-trimmed testament which her mother had given her. She fastened her Sunday kerchief over her head and was ready.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. The fishing village lay asleep as she stole quietly out past the cow-house. No sound came from neighbor Swensen's as she walked by. She went past the painted school-house, past Merchant Tang's row of warehouses, pregnant with the smell of drying fish, and over the hill skirting the sea.

For an hour she walked, and it was nearly midnight when she sat down on a rock to rest. Helga looked out over the swelling waves of the Arctic Ocean, past the northern point of Hindo at the sun which was just then resting its lower rim on the water. A great path of light stretchd from the sun to the shore like a paved street of gold. How still the night was. The only moving objects were some eider ducks, swimming in triangular regiments in the sound below.

The midnight sun took a half-hour's bath, then arose again from the ocean, shining red, and pursued its course through the northeastern sky. Helga picked up her bundle and proceeded on

her way. The fishers would soon be out and she did not wish to be seen.

Although it was the first of June, the snow line was only a few hundred yards up the sides of the mountains; still, the grass was sprouting along the cart tracks which followed the bends of the sea shore. The buds of the birch were swelling and emitting their wild fragrance. The magical breath of perpetual day was changing the frozen landscape to one of green beauty. So comes spring in Norway, even one hundred miles beyond the Arctic circle.

But Helga Birkelund did not stop to consider all this beauty of earth and sea and sky. This morning her heart was too heavy, besides she had to hurry to catch the steamer at the port of Harstad. The road led her from the sea over the island. Small lakes and streams bordered the path. The goats' bells mingled their tiny tingle with the purling noise of the streams. The sun sailed into the eastern sky and waxed warm: that was a sign of morning.

Helga stopped at a bridge and bathed her face in the cold stream. The walk had made her hungry, and she soaked her thin *fladbrod* in the water. A cart rattled over the bridge and Helga crouched down as if to hide; but she was too late, for the driver reined up her horse with a "p—r—r—r."

"Helga, Helga, is that you? What in the world are you doing here?"

It was Inga Swensen, Helga's neighbor and friend. Yes, she did consider Inga her friend, and she had hoped, yet feared, to meet her ere she left. Inga had been to Harstad with milk. Helga was embarrassed as she stepped up to the cart and said: "I'm going to Harstad."

What for?"

"Im going to work out—that is, I'm



going to try to get a place on a coast boat. Inga, I'm tired of Sildfjord, tired of home, of the life I lead, of the work, of the folks' talk, and I'm going to get out of it."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to leave home?"

"I've thought of it a long time. I meant to tell you, Inga, you've been so good to me, but somehow I haven't dared to." Tears trickled down her cheeks as she spoke. "But now I've made up my mind."

"But, Helga, don't go today."

"Yes, I'm going to try today's steamer; and even if I don't get work, I'm going south with the boat, anyway."

Helga wiped away the tears with the end of her kerchief, and as the ice was broken, she spoke with more assurance and boldness.

"And where will you go, Helga?"

"Well, I hardly know yet, neither do I care; anywhere to get away from this dull, hated place. I've lived on the edge of the world long enough, and we who live up here in the Arctic regions know nothing of the world. We are just penned up here between the mountains and the sea, and all we know of the world is by hearsay and through the few books we read. This life is too narrow for me. I seem to be sailing always in narrow straits."

"Helga, what will your father do?"

Helga's eyes dropped. "I don't think he will be home soon," she answered. "He's away most of the time, anyway, so it will not matter much."

Inga was the older of the girls. She had been a counsellor to her friend before and now she felt that it was her duty to keep Helga at home. She must prevent the girl from carrying her wild scheme into effect. If she could stop

her for a time, she might come to her right senses.

"Well, Helga, I was told at Harstad that the steamer would be late today. There is a big catch of herring at Fromnes and I'm going there to earn a little money. Come and go with me."

Inga was not telling a falsehood. One of the uncertainties of the North is the steamers, and Helga disliked the prospects of staying all day at Harstad. Still she hesitated to go with her friend. Some of the neighbors would likely be at Fromnes and they would stare at her in her best dress and Sunday kerchief. "Come on, Helga."

"Well, I'll go for a short time," and she sprang to the seat beside her companion.

"Have you heard anything from your father?" asked Inga.

"Not a word. He has been absent six weeks and he was quite sick when he left."

"Can't the doctors do anything for him?"

"No; they have all pronounced him hopeless. And Inga, there's something mysterious about it, too—there's something kept from me and I can't understand it."

Inga said nothing. She knew all about the rumors regarding the sick man.

"I think father's gone to Trondhjem to consult the doctors there. Perhaps I'll meet him."

At Fromnes there was a scene. Piles of glistening herring lay on the shore, while out in the fjord fishermen were busy casting and drawing nets. The girls unhitched the horse and gave him a bundle of hay. Inga loaned her friend an apron to cover her dress and the kerchief was put away in a pocket. In the excitement, no one noticed that

she wore leather shoes instead of the usual wooden clogs.

The girls soon got work as sorters and salters.

Helga was Lars Birkelund's only child, a slender, light-haired girl of eighteen, who kept house for her father in the log cabin at Sildfjord. Her mother was dead, and life was lonely enough at any time; but since that bitter cold winter when her father had contracted a strange disease, the neighbors had acted strangely towards them, and the girl was left to herself more than ever. During her father's absence on long fishing trips, Helga had spent much time in reading. That her books were not of the highest order had, no doubt, much to do with the restlessness which overcame her and which culminated that night in June when she packed her bundle with the avowed purpose of getting out of her difficulties.

In a few hours Helga became restless and said she must be off.

"Then you are determined to go?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then wait. Here comes Nels. He's going to Harstad with herring."

Nels was a young fisherman in sea boots and oiled coat. Inga had explained matters to him and he had promised to help detain the runaway girl; but Helga said that she did no care to sail with Nels.

"Good day," said he, as he came up with a broad smile on his face.

"Good day, Nels," answered Inga.

"Can Helga go to Harstad with you?"

"Yes; certainly. Going to town, Helga?"

"Yes; but I'm going overland."

"Might as well sail with me," said he.

"Of course, don't be foolish," pleaded Inga.

Helga hesitated. Inga picked up the

bundle and gave it to Nels. "Here," she said, "of course she'll go with you."

The young fisherman put the bundle under his arm and strode down to the sea. Helga mechanically followed. The boat was half-filled with newly-caught, shining herring, and while Nels hoisted the square sail, Helga sat near the rudder.

Nels was very good natured. He told her stories of the sea and their fishing at Lofoten; and Helga became so interested that she did not notice Nels' zigzag sailing and that he always steered the longest way around a point. She was trying to get courage enough to tell him how sorry she was for having treated him so badly on various occasions when they rounded the last point and saw the steamer in Harstad harbor. At first sight Nels saw that his scheme had succeeded. The steamer had cast off its fastenings and was well under way out. Helga saw too, saw also the gleam of satisfaction which glowed for an instant on Nels' face.

"Nels, it's a trick of yours," she cried with rising anger. "A trick of yours and Inga's. That's what you were whispering about was it? Now I'm too late. It's mean, mean of you." She could not keep back the tears of disappointment, though she tried hard.

Nels did not answer. He steered carefully to shore and fastened his boat. Helga refused his proffered help and sprang to the landing.

"If you're going back today, you may go with me," said Nels. "I'll be returning in about an hour."

"I'm not going back; and even if I were you'd be the last one that would have a chance to take me, Nels Persen."

"Well, you are welcome," answered the unruffled young fisherman.

Helga walked up Harstad's one long

street and called at the steamship company's office. Another steamer would not touch at that port for two days. Of course freighters or fishbuyers might sail in at any time. There would be a steamer en route No 2 at Dybsund in the morning, but Dybsund was twelve miles away. Helga knew not what to do. She looked in at the shop windows and admired the finery there displayed.

"These are quite fine, but then I will see much finer things in Bergen and Trondhjem" she said to herself.

She wandered up the road which ascended the hill overlooking the town. On the south side of the rocks the sun was warm and the grass was inches high. The girl sat down on a grassy bank. The departing steamer looked like a toy ship out on the blue fjord. She had now been on it had it not been for that mean trick. The sun was hidden by clouds but the light came from the north-west so she knew it was getting late in the afternoon. She was tired and the warm bank was such a tempting bed. Could she but lie down and sleep away her troubles, sleep into a land where the sun always shines and the long dark winters are unknown. But she must not despair. She must keep going and think what to do. She continued up the road. Some men were at work making farms upon the rocky hillside. What a huge pile of stone they had gathered. She had read that in the South there were miles of level land and some countries had not so much as a hill or a large rock. What a sight it would be to see such a place—she who had seen nothing but mountain and sea all her life.

In her day dreaming, Helga did not see the man sitting by the road side, until she was nearly upon him. She started back. The man was wrapped

in a large coat and sat with his head resting on his hands, as if asleep. The girl looked closely at him. The figure was somewhat familiar. Those broad but bent shoulders were surely those of her father. There could be no mistake about that coat, now more weather stained than ever. Yes, he had come back and was now on his way home. Quietly she retreated. He must not see her, as he would want her to go home with him, and that would ruin all her plans. She soon got out of sight and walked down the hill again to the town.

She wandered aimlessly about and tried to forget the figure by the roadside. The baker's window was tempting but she did not go in; she tried to evade people—the old man in the big coat was continually before her eyes.

"Why was he sitting there so still? Poor father, he must be very sick. He did not move. He sat perfectly still. Perhaps he is—but no, no."

Then what a pang shot through the girl's breast. The awful thought would not away. She must go back and see.

She climbed the hill again and peered around a large stone. Yes, he was sitting there yet in the same position. She went up to him, timidly.

"Father, is it you?"

The man raised his head and stared vacantly before him. Helga noticed that his head and hands were wrapped with bandages.

"Father."

"Who is it? Is it you, Helga?"

"Yes; O, father, what is the matter?"

"My child, I can hear you but I cannot see you. I fear my eyes have failed me."

"Father, are you blind?" She came near to him.



"Very nearly, my child. Are you alone, Helga?"

"Yes, father, we are alone." She trembled with emotion and grasped the white trunk of a birch.

"I am trying to get home, Helga, but I can go no further alone. People everywhere have shunned me because—because they say I have the leprosy."

At the sound of that word a picture flitted before Helga's eyes and she heard the lepers without the walls of Jerusalem crying "Unclean, unclean."

"But I don't know, I don't know," he continued. "Folks in these parts are so prejudiced. I have been south trying to find relief, but it is useless. They are just as bad there. At Trondhjem the doctors tried to put me in the hospital, the lepers' hospital, but I got away. I wanted to get back home and die in Nordland. Why shouldn't I? You know, Helga, that even if it is the leprosy that it is not contagious—I will not ask you to live with me. That would be too much for your young nature. But if you could help me home, Helga."

It was then that Helga reached the narrowest point in the strait. Would she be crowded to the wall? She grasped her bundle tightly and the hard edges of the Testament pressed into her hands. That book was a dead mother's gift whose teachings had been, "Honor thy father and mother."

"Father, I will go home with you and take care of you as long as you shall live."

How the straits widened as she said it. The beautiful open sea lay beyond shining in the sunlight of heaven.

"God bless you, my child. You must choose. It will be a hard life."

"I would be harder without you now father. Say no more—stay—you cannot

walk overland. Wait for me a few minutes."

Helga ran down the hill through the town to the sea. Nels had waited a long time for her, but now he was steering for home.

Nels, Nels," she shouted. "Come back, I want to go home with you.

Nels tacked back to the landing.

"Father's come back," she explained. "He's sick, and I'm going home with him. Can we sail with you?"

"Certainly."

Back she sped. How glad she was that the steamer had left her. Yes, that Nels and Inga had hindered her. She would tell them so and even thank them. And as she took her father's bandaged hand and led him gently down the hill a strange sweet peace crept into her heart. She saw a new beauty in the rugged hills and the tiny farms, the red-roofed fishing town and the deep blue fjord. The whole northern landscape had changed, and she was glad.

*Nephi Anderson.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR.

THE school-work of the present year is now closed, and the boys and girls and young men and women who have been students will turn to different occupations for at least three months. With those who have graduated the change will be permanent; they must now face practical life and put the training and knowledge they have gained to the test of experience. If their training has been careful and well directed and their knowledge is the essential matter of their line of work, they will doubtless be successful, provided they go forth full of faith and energy. If their training

has made them incapable of working except when directed and watched over by instructors or of carrying on thought and reaching conclusions independent of their text-books, and their knowledge is smattering and indefinite, then they cannot be successful until they acquire fresh knowledge and learn new habits of thought. Students sometimes leave school filled with skepticism for what experience has established and without proper respect for what their fathers and mothers have done. This is very serious while it lasts, but in most cases it passes away as they come in contact with practical rather than theoretical matters.

A young man, who has recently returned from successful post-graduate work at Columbia University, and who is also graduate of the University of Utah, states that he would advise no young man to go East to take a general college course. This is after having visited all but two of the important colleges and universities in the United States and comparing the work they do with what is done in the higher schools of Utah. For advanced special work our schools are not rich enough to provide apparatus and instructors, and the call for it is so limited that a long time must elapse before it will be advisable to go to the extra expense, but it is gratifying to know that what is called a college education may be obtained here as well as in the eastern schools.

WM. EWART GLADSTONE.

The death of William Ewart Gladstone, deep as was the sorrow it brought in the loss of England's greatest statesman, brought deeper sorrow in the loss of one of the world's most fervent Christians. Mr. Gladstone was blessed of

God with great natural powers. His stirring oratory, keen perceptions superior judgment and profound reason made him capable of doing great things in the world. Few men have possessed so well balanced a mind, so cheerful and amiable a disposition, and circumstances have carried few to such heights of place and honor. In gratitude he remembered God and stood as His champion. He made the defence of the Holy Scriptures and the exposition of Christian principles an important part of his life work; and in political and social activities as well as in his home he sought earnestly to live according to the standards of Christianity as he understood them.

Theories and arguments, proposed by scientists and confirmed infidels, that contradicted the divinity of the Bible, were not able to shake Mr. Gladstone's child-like faith. And unlike too many public men, he did not drop religious thought on the plea of too many other duties, but set himself to find a consistent solution of the apparent conflict.

He made mistakes in political life; but who could stand at the head of a government with relations as complex as those of Great Britain and be infallible. Time alone can tell how serious his mistakes were and what rank he should hold in statesmanship. But whatever the verdict is, no question can be raised as to the goodness of his motives or to his integrity as a man. His figure has been spoken of as standing out from the statesmen of the century "as a Christian knight in unsullied armor and cross in hand."

His death was a fitting close to his career. His last hours were spent in intense worship and in conscious preparation for the change to immortality. Surrounded by his family, in peace his

spirit passed away, and in its passing ended the most complete and harmonious public life of modern times.

*The Editor.*

## THE GOSPEL IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

### CHAPTER IV.

**British Saints in Rome—Paul—Rufus Pudens—Claudia—Linus—Martial's Epigrams—Pomponia Graecina.**

THERE were British saints in Rome before there were saints in Britain. This seems very clear to me. Paul in his epistle to the Romans writes: "Salute Rufus, chosen in the Lord."\* This epistle is generally understood to have been written A. D. 60; though the question of dates is a very complicated one, and many objections are raised to those given in the "Authorized" translation of the New Testament. Four years later, Paul writing from Rome to the Philippians† says: "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household,"‡ showing that at that early date the Gospel had been accepted and obeyed by members of the household of the Roman Emperor. Again, while still at Rome (A. D. 66), Paul writes to Timothy,§ his "dearly beloved son" in Christ, "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus and Claudia and all the brethren."||

\* Romans 16:13.

† Philippians—The people of Philippi, a town of Macedonia, about nine miles from the Mediterranean Sea. Paul visited and ministered there, and when in Rome, probably A. D. 63, wrote the Epistle to them found in the New Testament.

‡ Philippians 4:22.

§ Timothy—A disciple and companion of the Apostle Paul; by many understood to have been Bishop of the Christian Church at Ephesus.

|| II. Timothy 4:21.

What this has to do with British saints in Rome may not unreasonably be asked. Simply this, that Rufus and Pudens were the same man; that he married Claudia; that Claudia was a British maiden, possibly the daughter of Caradoc. The proofs are these:

By a strange coincidence, or by a Divine arrangement, most probably the latter, at the same time that Caradoc and his kinsfolks dwelt in Rome there also resided there a famous Roman poet named, Martial,\* who in one of his epigrams writes as follows:†

"O Rufus! Pudens whom I own my friend,  
Has taken the foreign Claudia for his wife,  
Propitious Hymen; light thy torch, and send,  
Long years of bliss to their united life!"

In this verse it should be observed that the poet gives the bridegroom two names—Rufus and Pudens, two mentioned by Paul. Many, probably all the Romans of note, had two names, one often given as a surname to emphasize some gift or characteristic peculiar to the person. In this case Pudens is that name, and it is the one that is linked with Claudia in Paul's letter to Timothy; Claudia as the wife of Rufus was known as Rufina.

In another epigram‡ written after Claudia's marriage, Martial says:§

\* Martial—A Latin poet, author of 14 books of epigrams. He was born at Bibbils, Spain, A. D. 43; died in Spain about 104. He dwelt mostly at Rome; but little is known of his life.

† "Claudia, Rufe, meonubit Peregrina Pudenti:  
Macte esto taedis, O Hymenæe tuis! Lib. 4, Epig. 13.

‡ Epigram—A short poem, serious or mocking, containing a satire or a eulogy.

§ "Claudia coeruleis cum sit Rufina Britannis  
Edita, quam Latiae pectora plebis habit?  
Quale decus formæ! Romanam credere matres  
Italides possunt, Atthides esse suam." Lib. 11, Epig. 54.



"From painted Britons how was Claudia born!  
The fair barbarian! how do arts adorn!  
When Roman charms a Grecian soul commend,  
Athens and Rome may for the dame contend."

Here then are these remarkable statements from a thoroughly disinterested witness that the fair Claudia was a foreigner, a barbarian, and, to be exact, a British maiden.

We will now insert a portion of the argument of the Rev. Canon Bowles on this question:

"In the year 60 of the Christian era, St. Paul says, in his epistle to the Romans, 'Salute Rufus.' But six years afterward, in the second epistle to Timothy, he says, 'Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia.' Now a celebrated citizen of Rome, at this time, called Rufus, was afterwards married to a British lady, called from the custom of having the names from high Romans, Claudia from Claudius; and this Rufus, distinguished for wisdom and virtue, received, it is said, on account of his modesty and virtues, and gentleness, the name of Pudens; by this name probably distinguished as a Christian convert, first called Rufus, as in the epistle to the Romans, 'Chosen of the Lord.' Let any thinking man weigh this singular circumstance. Without the remotest design, Rufus is mentioned by St. Paul in the epistle to the Romans; and in the epistle to Timothy, Pudens is joined in the same sentence with Claudia, and that Claudia was married to Rufus, called afterwards Pudens, and that she was a Briton, is clear from the lines of Martial: and thus one line of a contemporary poet proves accidentally two things, both remarkable—that Claudia was a British lady married to Rufus, and therefore called Claudia Rufina,

and that this Rufus was afterwards called Pudens."

Mr. Parry tells the story as follows:

"It is a remarkable and interesting fact, that the detention of the British hostages should have been coincident with the Apostle Paul's residence, as a prisoner, at Rome; and it is a no less remarkable coincidence, that they should be released from confinement in the same year in which St. Paul was set at liberty. Caractacus and his family went to Rome A. D. 51, and remained there seven years; Paul was sent there in A. D. 56, and stayed there two years. Nothing could be more convenient for St. Paul's mission to the Gentiles than the opportunity which their return must have afforded him; and nothing more probable than that he should embrace so favorable an opportunity of extending the knowledge of Christianity. Be that as it may, however, as Bran and Caradoc, otherwise Brennus and Caractacus, were Welsh princes, we may safely conclude that Christianity made its way into Wales as early as into any part of this kingdom. When Bran returned to his native land, some of his family, it is thought, stayed behind and settled at Rome. Of these, Claudia, mentioned with Pudens and Linus, is deemed to have been one, and supposed to be the same with Claudia, the wife of Pudens, upon whose marriage Martial the Poet composed one of his epigrams. Martial's Claudia was undoubtedly a British lady, as appears by the poet's encomium upon the graces of her person."

Such distinguished commentators on this subject as Ussher\* and Stilling-

\*Usher, or Ussher, James. Born in Dublin, Jan. 4, 1580; died in Reigate, Surrey, England, March 20, 1656. A British prelate, theologian and scholar. In 1620 he was appointed Bishop of Meath, and became Archbishop of Armagh and

fleet\* also believed that Paul's Claudia and Martial's Claudia Rufina were one and the same person. Ussher concludes that she was the daughter of Caradoc.

The Rev. Mr. Morgan goes further. He gives the family history of Pudens and his wife. According to this gentleman "His (Caradoc's) daughter Gladys, or Claudia, was married to Rufus Pudens, a Roman Patrician who had filled high civil and military positions in Britain, and whose estates lay in the Umorian Appennines. Four children were the issue of this marriage—St. Timotheus, St. Novatus, St. Pudentiana, St. Praxeas. Two of the brothers of Claudia were St. Cyllinus, who ended his days in Britain, and Linus (Lleyn) who afterwards was ordained first bishop of the Gentile Church of Rome,† by St. Paul—as St. Clement was of the Hebrew Church."‡

Primate of Ireland 1624 or 1625. In the civil war he espoused the cause of Charles I. His scheme of Biblical chronology is the one that appears in the "King James" translation. Recent investigations have disproved many of his dates.

\* Stillingfleet, Edward. Born at Cranborne, Dorset, England, April 17, 1635, died at Westminster, March 28, 1699. A noted theologian and prelate. He was made Bishop of Worcester in 1689. He wrote several controversial and historical works.

† In many tables of the Bishops of Rome Linus is given as the successor of Peter. Peter may have acted as Bishop of Rome (if he was ever in that city, which is strongly disputed), by the right of the higher to officiate in the lesser offices of the priesthood. As an Apostle he may have acted as a Bishop for the time being until some other officer of the priesthood was ordained and set apart to that position. Such instances have been by no means rare in this dispensation; in more than one case members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles have acted as Presidents of Stakes.

‡ It is probable that there were two Bishop's wards in Rome, one in charge of Linus and the other of Clement. If this be true it would ex-

If Linus, as here stated, was a brother of Claudia, we can understand why Paul places his name between Pudens and Claudia; the two males of the family being first named and then the sister. The evidence that Claudia was the daughter of Caradoc is not convincing. Other writers assert that she was the daughter of Cogidunus, a British King, who reigned over the Regni. The theory that she was the daughter of Caradoc is based on the following assumptions: That at the time that her father was brought before Claudius she was with him; that when the emperor ordered the chains to be removed from Caradoc's person he (Claudius), struck by the child's innocence and beauty, and feeling pity for her, adopted her, and in consideration of this adoption she was given the name of Claudia, the feminine form of Claudius. Her British name was Gladys.

There was another distinguished British lady of those early days who is claimed as a Christian. In her case the evidence is not as direct as in that of Claudia Rufina, but the presumption is strong that such was the truth. The facts are given as follows in Yoewell's "Chronicles of the Ancient British Church:"

"Pomponia Graecina\* was the wife of Aulus Plautius, the first governor of Britain, and one of the most dis-

plain the confusion that exists as to who was the first Bishop of Rome. It is not impossible that one of the wards was composed of converted Jews, of whom Clement was the Bishop; the other of Gentile members of the Church, over whom Linus presided. There are good reasons to believe that there were more than one Bishop's ward in Antioch, Corinth and other places. See Hammond "Of Schism," chap. 4.

\* Mr. Morgan says that Pomponia Graecina was the sister of Arviragus; by tradition the son of Cymbeline, King of Britain.

tinguished of Claudius' generals. The following is the account which Tacitus gives us of this lady: 'Pomponia Graecina, an illustrious lady, the wife of Aulus Plautius (who, upon his return from Britain, had been honored with an ovation), being accused of having embraced a foreign superstition, her trial was committed to her husband. He, according to the ancient institutions of Rome, having made solemn inquiry, in the presence of her relations, respecting any charges affecting her life and reputation, pronounced her innocent. After this, Pomponia's life was protracted through a long course of melancholy years.' That Christianity is here meant by the 'Foreign superstition' is evident from the heathen writers of that time, such as Suetonius, Pliny, and others. This trial took place, according to Stillingfleet, when Nero and Calpurnius Piso were consuls (A. D. 57), after St. Paul's arrival at Rome, which makes it probable that she was one of his converts; by whom he may be informed of the state and condition of Britain."

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#### AS IT ONCE WAS

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**And Is in Places Yet.—Travel In and Topography of Parts of Utah Some Years Ago Humorously Considered.**

THE southern portion of Utah, from Nephi on, used to be a "hard road to travel," and that portion of it lying beyond the line of railway is about as much so as it ever was except that at stations and towns there are better accommodations than formerly.

Some portions of the journey were and are about as dreary and uninviting stretches of country as one could well picture to his mind, even with the most

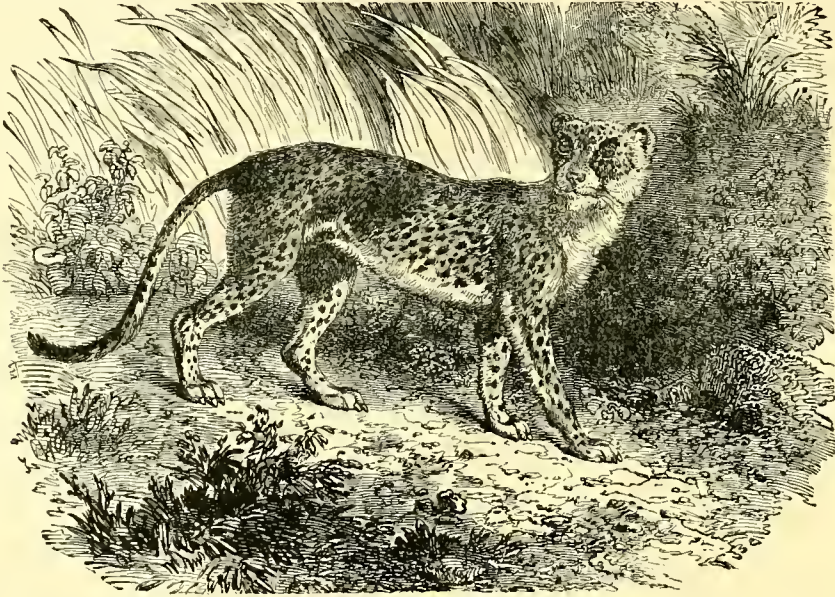
vivid imagination, and this holds particularly good as to the long, monotonous drive between the village of Corn Creek, south of Fillmore on to Indian Creek, a few miles north of Beaver, the expanse of desert waste being relieved somewhat by the green-hued landscape and well-appearing grounds of Cove Fort, this being about midway of the points first named. Toward the southern end of this stretch is a long, irregular, jagged defile called Wild Cat Canyon. It is fittingly named, albeit the wild beast itself, once superabundant, is seldom seen of late years. Most of them have been awed by the constantly recurring moving in and occasional camping at various points in the canyon of the predatory human; a great many have been killed, however, and so far as this part of the State is concerned, they are now supposed to be practically extinct. The wild cat, the lynx and the mountain lion, belonging to the same family, have yet plenty of room, however, in which to ply their peculiar vocation—killing other animals that are weaker and tamer than themselves and which by straying or herding have come near enough to the haunts of the wild beasts to make a raid successful and profitable. This means a great deal of such losses, for the lion will attack anything that walks on two or four feet if it is hungry—as it nearly always is—fears nothing but a gun, and is not every time turned aside by that. The trio are a prowling, insatiable nuisance; if any useful purpose was subserved in their creation, assuredly such purpose has up to date been withheld from the knowledge of our side of the animal kingdom.

Another "tough" piece of realty is the road from Milford to either the ranches north of Cedar City on the south



or to the south-west going to Nevada. Between the first-named place and Minersville, only fourteen miles distant, is a piece of country which simply lies there and does nothing, produces nothing. It has several roads, two being a kind of loop between the towns and others branching off to the mines and sheep camps in the neighboring country. To take either of these roads is to cause one to wish he had taken some other. There is not a drop of water

sion of those traveling along that section, for want of anything else entertaining probably, to shoot at one of these animals that has placed himself in sight. It is not bad sport either; it amuses the shooter and doesn't hurt the beast. I have seen them shot at fifty times probably: have occasionally taken a shot myself, but have no recollection of ever having seen one hit. They seem to bear a charmed life. When a leaden missile whistles past them and



MOUNTAIN LION.

after leaving Milford at any point along the line of travel until the Beaver "river," or brook, is crossed at Minersville. That libel on the animal kingdom, the coyote, used to be abundant but of late years is seen only once in a while. He is something like his distant relatives previously spoken of, but is uglier and hungrier, being possessed of an appetite which welcomes anything that has substance and can be swallowed, but is never entirely satisfied under any circumstances. It is sometimes a diver-

buries itself in the soil adjacent, the coyote takes a good long look at the source from whence the missile came and then goes and examines where it struck to see if it is anything he can eat.

An incident occurred in this region, but further to the south and some little distance west of Minersville, only a few years ago that shows in an unmistakable manner what the mountain lion is capable of when his appetite gets to the point of that possessed by the coyote

all the time. Some men were bringing in a herd of cows from one of the ranges, and when nearer the rugged hills to the south than at any other point and only a few miles from the town, a huge lion bounded from the scrubby brush at the base of the range and made for the herd with awful rapidity, every leap covering fifteen or twenty feet of ground. Reaching the animals he sprang upon the hindmost, fastening his claws in her back and held her by main strength while with his mouth he tore away her flesh. The men had a gun, but were either nearly paralyzed by the horrid spectacle or afraid to shoot lest the savage monster divert his attention to them, which no doubt he would if they had fired and missed or only slightly wounded him. Of course the cow was killed, but if the lion ever was, the fact has failed to find a place on the records.

Before the advent of railroads the writer of these lines, who was then an un-grown boy with relatives in the "Dixie" end of the Territory serving out missions, took occasion to make a couple of visits at different times. It was much easier to get there than to get away. In the former case, when a wagon left Salt Lake City for that portion of the country it was considered something of an undertaking, one that generally involved some weeks of travel with the incidental nomadic practice of "camping out" and "roughing it" generally, so that the event became a matter of some consequence and was more or less generally known before the caravan drew out. It was almost as well advertised as the departure of one of the great ocean liners, with passengers for some foreign land, so that it was not difficult to fix things so as to get a passage of some sort to the south. To

help with the horses or mules, look out for the stock, assist in the matter of obtaining fuel for cooking purposes, etc., were services always in demand and generally received as full consideration for transportation and sustenance. It was a care-free sort of style of pilgrimage, usually, but at times it had its hardships in abundance and it stretched out to such unusual lengths that finally every mile seemed to contain about 5,000 yards; in the portion of the road running through the country first spoken of the miles seemed to be "padded" a good deal worse even than that. Getting back from Dixie was harder. No one made such a trip as a rule except on urgent business, but now and then a chance hove in view. On my last visit I waited for a month after wanting to leave before the opportunity came. A man from Tokerville was coming to Salt Lake with a big drove of cattle gathered up from the ranges north of Toker, and a wagon hauled by three yoke of cattle was to be part of the pageant. There were to be several stock drivers, each mounted, and the wagon was for the purpose of carrying supplies for them and their horses, also bedding, clothing, etc. If I could drive this team the job was mine. It was a desperate case. Come home I must, but had never driven oxen; however, I had seen it done quite frequently, and it seemed to be easy, so the engagement was made. Let me not attempt even a suggestion of the manifold and multiplied miseries which that engagement entailed. Suffice it to say that the second day out there was a change of wagon drivers, the one who started out with the job having been changed (promoted, it seemed like) to a place on horseback as an amateur cowboy. Arriving at Provo I bade the others good-

bye early one morning, and walked all the way home before stopping—fifty long miles, accomplished in just fourteen hours! If any of those who now complain about being confronted by hardships lived in Utah about the time spoken of or before, and ever made one of those trips, let him (or her) pass it in review before his mind's eye and the comparison may have a beneficial effect. Let those who have only known this commonwealth as a growing, pushing centre of enterprise, production, advancement and prosperity, where education, the arts, sciences and all the advantages of modern civilized life abound, imagine as follows so that he (or she) may be benefited: That he has traveled twenty miles behind a pair of stubborn mules over a road which shook up the system like dice in a box in places and was quite smooth because of mud, slush or snow in others—if not the season for those, then being gorged and plastered with poisonous dust, in some places it being a foot deep. On stopping, the team must be unhitched, permitted to roll and "pick" awhile, then otherwise taken care of. Wood or sagebrush must be brought in in abundance, a fire started, and a meal prepared the badness and want of absolute cleanliness of which is unnoticed in the possession of an appetite which even the coyote might envy. There are no tables or chairs. Beds are made oftener than otherwise on the naked earth, which at the proper time are taken possession of, and here as a rule is the really enjoyable feature of such an expedition, for sleep usually comes quickly. Sometimes the prelude to the land of dreams is awakening, but is as musical and even delightful an experience as the most fastidious could desire. A brook near by babbles rhythmically through the night, a light

breeze rustles the leaves of the trees and the undergrowth, seemingly chanting nature's *Te Deum* at times, then becoming a miserere for the dying day, while from a distance come the funereal notes of a sleepless owl, blended it may be with the lonely and dismal wailing of some prowling wolf. Such an experience has a tendency to turn one's thoughts from the vanities and weaknesses and hardships of life—almost from the journey itself—and bring him to a realization of the vast, inscrutable solemnities which permeate all nature when in repose. It is morning before one is conscious of it, and another day like the preceding one is begun, except that each succeeding day emphasizes the hardships and diminishes the enjoyments of the trip, while the very best phase of this camping out, not the worst, nor even an average, has been presented. Finally the novelty of the thing is entirely gone, and it is then all hardships. After many days the journey is ended, and if the traveler is not pretty robust, he will feel as if he also were about ended. He is tanned, travel-stained, weary, dusty, with clothing torn and displaced, and the bright side of life undergoing for the time being a total eclipse. This is what it was a quarter of a century or such a matter ago, and a quarter of a century before that, when the Pioneers came and for some time after their arrival, it was just about ten times as bad. There is very often a large percentage of imagination in the afflictions we have on hand, but those of the beginners of Utah's grand march to the lofty position it now occupies were free from such imagination. It was so much worse than anybody can describe that fancy seeks in vain for a place in the computation.

S. A. Kenner.



## Our Little Folks.

### FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

OSSENEKE, MICHIGAN.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and take great interest in the little letters. We believe we are the first Mormons in Michigan. My mamma was baptized in Sweden, twenty-two years ago, and came here to Michigan fifteen years ago. She had not seen or heard an Elder or member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for all those years, until last summer, when Brothers Davidson and Sorensen visited us. And in July last my uncle, my brother and myself were baptized. We are very grateful that we are Latter-day Saints, and I pray daily to our Heavenly Father that He will help us to remain faithful to His commandments.

Your true sister,

*Josephine Larsen. Age 14 years.*

DUBLAN, MEXICO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have about sixty children in our Primary who are old enough to write to the Letter-Box. They cannot all write to the JUVENILE Letter-Box, for you would not have room to print them all; so we have a letter-box in our Primary. The children write very nice letters; we have them copied, and the first Saturday in the month we have our paper read in Primary meeting, so the children can all hear it, and it is so nice. We call our paper "Our Little Folks' Companion." Our motto is, "We will serve the Lord in the days of our youth." I hope soon to see a letter from some of our little folks in Dublan in the JUVENILE Letter-box.

*Aunt Lydia.*

Aunt Lydia's plan of having a "Letter-Box" in the Primary, to which all the children may write, is a very excellent one. I hope others will profit by the suggestion her letter offers. We have more little letters on hand now than we can print in the JUVENILE in a long, long time.

*L. L. G. R.*

MESA CITY, ARIZONA.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I just came home from Primary. Sister Lisenbee read three letters from the JUVENILE that were written to the Letter-Box. I like to go to Sunday School; our teacher teaches us stories from the Book of Mormon; our lesson for next Sunday will be "Finding the Jaredite Records."

*Amy Phelps. Age 10 years.*

PFAFFTOWN, FORSYTH CO., N. C.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: Reading your little letters has given me courage to write. I am a stranger to you all now, but I hope we will soon be friends. Mamma said she thought it would be nice for me to tell you about my schools. I have lots of school-mates, and like them all. We all go to Sunday School and have nice times.

Your new friend,

*Mamie Pfaff. Age 10 years.*

GRANTSVILLE UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have been reading the letters of the INSTRUCTOR and thought I should like to write one. My mamma is a Counselor in the Primary, and I attend pretty regularly. In Sunday School I have been studying a book written by Brother George Q. Cannon, called "My First Mission;" but we are

now studying a book called "The String of Pearls."

*Lenora Millward. Age 12 years.*

---

DEAR LETTER BOX:—I expect you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me. I am not a Mormon, but I read the JUVENILE and like it very much. It is sent to me through the kindness of Elder Samuel E. McClellan, a Mormon missionary from Mexico, who, in company with Elder David Rishton of Riverton, Utah, has stayed at my father's house several times. My father owns what is called the Mt. Pisgah farm, where a great many Mormons lived for three or four years after they left Nauvoo. They must have suffered a great deal while here from exposure and sickness, and perhaps hunger, for a great many died and are buried here.

About four hundred it is said are buried in the "Acre" that my father sold and deeded to the Mormon Church and where they have erected a nice monument. Elder William Huntington, and a son of Elder Franklin D. Richards, and a daughter of Elder Lorenzo Snow are buried here. Their names are on the monument with about sixty more. There are several rough stones, some with letters on them. There is a pine board at the head of one grave that has stood there over fifty years; thirty years of that time the prairie fires have swept over the ground every year, but didn't burn this board. The weather seems to wear it away, and it gets thinner every year. Another strange thing to be seen in the cemetery is a plant growing on a grave; it has grown there all these years, choked by the prairie grass and the weeds, burned by the fires, with no attention whatever, and is still a nice flourishing plant. It may be if this letter is

published, it will meet the eye of the person who set this plant on the grave of a loved one. The common name of the plant is Liveforever. Elder Rishton sent a slip to be planted on his brother's grave.

The streams in this county all retain the names that the Mormons gave them. They are all named from the distance they were from Mt. Pisgah, at the point where the old "Mormon Trail" crossed them; as, "Two Mile," "Three Mile," "Twelve Mile." My father, A. C. White, has lived here forty-two years. There were a good many Mormon cabins here when he came. Our farm was fenced with rails made out of the logs.

I am afraid I have already made my letter too long; if not, may write again sometime in the future.

Yours with respect,

*Bertie B. White.*

---

The readers of the LETTER-BOX will certainly all appreciate Bertie B. White's kind letter. I do, very much. My mother has told me that among the first Mormon grave at Mt. Pisgah was that made for her baby girl, Ann Eliza Greene.

*L. L. Greene Richards.*

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SALEM, UTAH CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I can't write alone, so my big sister is helping me. I am only a very little girl. Sometimes I sing a song or speak a recitation in Primary. When I get bigger I will write more.

*Bessie Iverson. Age 5 years.*

---

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I live in a lovely place called Mancos, in the southwestern part of Colorado. We have very good times here. I go to Primary, Sunday School, and Young Ladies'

meetings. Our Primary president asked me to give an account of our anniversary, as I am the secretary. Our Primary was organized on the 25th of January, 1896. We have had two celebrations, and I will tell of the last one. We had a good program, in which some of the very small children took part. It was composed of suitable songs, recitations, dialogues and essays. The children did real well, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much. In the afternoon we had a children's dance, and had a very nice time. Our president is very kind, I think, and we all love her. Her name is Louie White.

Your friend,

*Lucy Guyman. Aged 13 years.*

MANCOS, COLORADO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have been very much interested in the children's letters. I am twelve years old, and I like to read good books. My papa keeps a store down at Jackson, New Mexico. About two years ago my papa, two of my brothers and I went hunting and stayed all night on a mountain just west of our house. Another time two of my brothers—Fred, fourteen, and Roy, ten years old, went hunting. They thought they saw a rabbit and shot at it, and Fred told Roy to go and get it. It was a wild-cat, and it sprang at them, but Fred shot again and killed it.

Your friend,

*Erastus Wheeler.*

TOQUERVILLE, WASHINGTON CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I go to Primary and Sunday School. I am in the Second Intermediate Class. Every fast day we have testimony meetings. I love to testify to the truth and talk of the Lord and His mercies, for I know

He has been merciful to me. My mamma died on my birthday, while my papa was on a mission. He has been called to go again, and I hope nothing will happen, but that he can stay till his time is up. I have two brothers named Heber and Raymond, and a sister named Ruby.

*Mabel Naegle. Aged 11 years.*

TROPIC, GARFIELD CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am a little girl nine years old. I have one brother and two sisters. Joseph, my brother, is six years old; Maggie is four and Karma is eighteen months. About forty families live here at Tropic. I am in the Second Intermediate class in Sunday School, and my teachers' names are Thomas Cope and George Shakespere. They teach us much that is good for us all to remember. The president of our Primary is also very kind. Her name is Sarah Ahlstrom. I remember seeing Sister Richards in Kanab; she came and prayed for my grandma when she was sick.

*Leona Johnson.*

BLUFF, SAN JUAN CO., UTAH.

Thinking some of the INSTRUCTOR readers might like to learn something of the country where I live, I will try to tell a little about it. Bluff is situated in the south-east corner of Utah, on the north side of the San Juan River. It is entirely surrounded by cliffs or bluffs, from which it derives its name. In the summer it is very warm through the day but cool when the sun goes down.

A great deal of fruit is raised here, such as apples, pears, and several different kinds of plums; more peaches than any other fruit. Very many peaches were wasted here last year. The people



tried to save them,<sup>a</sup> but the frequent rains made them spoil. A great flood also came last year and destroyed many trees. About five miles east of here the men bring the water from the river in a ditch to water the land. They have quite a hard time getting it down to town. They have to go every spring with plows, scrapers, etc., and clean out the ditch, because the water is so muddy it fills it up; and it is hard to keep the water in the ditch, because the river keeps moving. Last fall Apostles Lund, Teasdale and Young visited us and encouraged the people to stay, telling them they would be blest if they would. So the people have got an engine and boiler and will try to get the water out that way.

*Emma Bayles.*

FT. SMITH, ARKANSAS.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We take great interest in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and much pleasure in writing to it. We became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 30th of last January. Elder Copling baptized three sisters of us, and our papa and mamma, in the Arkansas River. We are very glad that we have heard the Gospel, and we hope that we shall always be true to its principles. The Elders who are laboring here and the Saints are going to build a bowery so we can have Sunday School this summer, and be taught more of the principles of the Gospel. We love to have the Elders visit us and sing hymns with us. Some of our favorite hymns are, "Do what is right," "In our lovely Deseret," and "The Island of Dreams." With love to all the Saints,

*Pearl Hamnock. Aged 12 years.*

*Belle Hamnock. Aged 9 years.*

FOURTH WARD, SPANISH FORK.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have very good Primaries here. We also have a little Industrial Class, and the sisters are teaching the children to sew. I enjoy all the stories and letters in the INSTRUCTOR, which my father has taken for eight years. I wonder if the children think how it is that President Woodruff lives so long with his people. Why, just think of the thousands of prayers ascending to our Heavenly Father in his behalf! Don't you think that helps him? I must not make my letter too long. With love to all,

*L. J. A. Aged 16 years.*

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell you what a nice time we had up to grandfather's on his birthday. It was Christmas day, and he was sixty-seven years old. There were four children and nineteen grandchildren. We had roast beef and plum pudding, pies and cakes, and everything nice. I like to hear my father read the letters in the JUVENILE.

*Mary Ann Standley. Aged 8 years.*

CARDSTON, ALBERTA CO., CANADA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Our settlement is called Cardston, after Brother Card, who was the first pioneer here. Our Primary fasted and prayed for a little boy who was hurt and could not walk, and he has been getting better ever since, and can now walk almost as good as anybody. We feel that he will be entirely healed, as many have been, through the blessings of God.

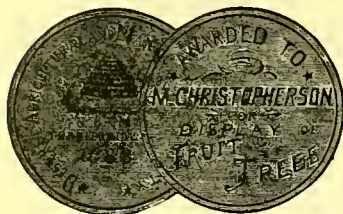
*Clara Elmore Wright. Aged 11 years.*

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

## SALT LAKE NURSERY CO.

INCORPORATED

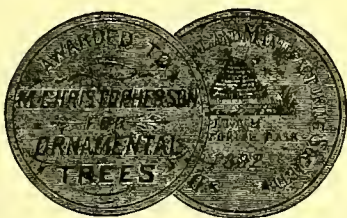
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### CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MARCH 5th, 1898.

#### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:45 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points.....	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West.....	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.....	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at.....	8:00 a. m.

#### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points.....	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West.....	8:35 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at.....	5:30 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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
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## DOCTOR UP

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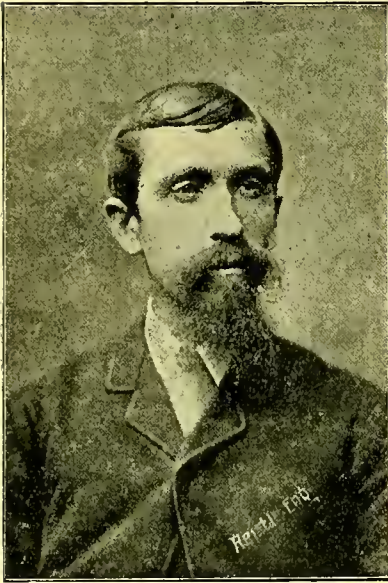
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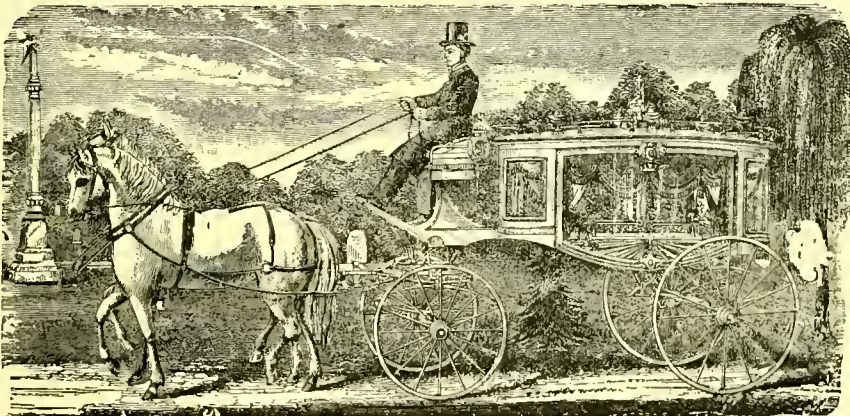
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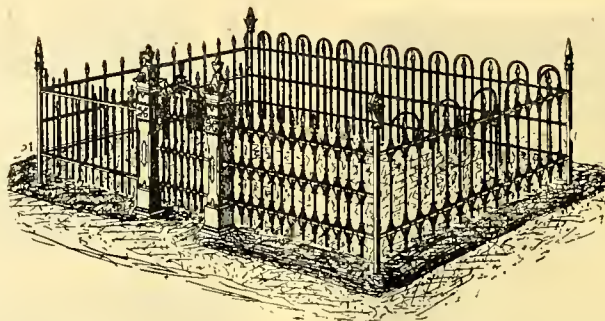
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